

I am SPARTAN

by Captain Crazy-Nonsense

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Summary: Witness John-117's last days on Earth. It's pretty sad, really.

I am SPARTAN

****Hey, everyone, it's me. Yes, me. Captain Crazy and Captain Nonsense and just plain Captain (who wrote this). I've been thinking for a while after watching *I am Legend*, and a thought just occurred to me. What if humankind were to suffer some terrible fate, which ended in there only being one human left? Better yet, what if that person was Master Chief? This is that story.****

****Also, don't expect a weird trick ending, where the rest of the humans are alive, on a tiny island. That's a pathetic excuse of an ending, and I give *I am Legend* three stars for that. This will be my first truly non-humorous piece of fiction. Do not expect to find humor that isn't very morbid and depressing, if any.****

****I don't own John-117, Cortana, the Covenant, or the Flood. I do own Cameron-811, but that's another story.****

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><p>I look to the sky, expecting to see a Freighter fly overhead and send a Pelican. Hell, I would have no problem with seeing a Covenant Super Carrier dropping hundreds of Phantoms to try and kill me. At least then I would have something to do. Yet again, however, I see nothing besides the disgusting brown clouds hovering above my head. I miss my fellow SPARTAN's. I miss the UNSC. I miss the Covenant. Hell, I even miss the Flood.<p>

After I blew up the Ark, the Flood stopped attacking. I think it even disappeared. The Covenant went back to their home planets, and I went back to Earth. The Arbiter, my old-friend would be the wrong

word-rival, had died from some disease he had obtained while fighting the Flood. His corpse returned to his planet, and I could not come.

I was welcomed back as a hero. A savior. The entire world knew my name, so ONI let go of me. I couldn't walk down a street without someone cheering my name. But I was not happy with my new life. I was a murderous machine, set on destroying enemies of the UNSC. But now there were none, and I was discarded like a broken toy its owner, having outlived my purpose. I wanted to rejoin the Navy, but I was not welcome there. Not anymore. I tried to join the Marines, but ONI stopped me there. They made it clear that I was a war hero now, and nothing more. They couldn't risk me dying.

Then, three years later, something terrible happened. I'm not sure how, but the disease that killed the Arbiter started spreading. It killed anyone who inhaled it, and before people realized how dangerous it was, the whole planet was infected. My genetic enhancing had saved me. I was the only human left.

I tried to call the Covenant, but I did not get a response. I've been trying to contact them for the past nine years. On the brink of insanity, I searched for the one person who could help me, the A.I. named Cortana who used to reside in my head that was taken back by the Office of Naval Intelligence. In the ONI headquarters in Washington D.C., I found her. The sick freaks at ONI, figuring she had outlived her purpose as well, changed her programming, turning her into their own personal holographic stripper. She couldn't stop, even after they were all dead. When I found her, she couldn't say anything, but her eyes told me what she wanted me to do. Tearing out her core, her misery was finally put to an end.

I found my old Mark VI MJOLNIR suit sitting around the base. Trying to do anything to keep me sane, I took the suit and a battle rifle and went out into the world to find and kill anything, trying to pretend that they were the Covenant, the Flood, Truth, Insurrectionists. I killed dogs, cats, birds, bears, lionsâ€¦ But it would not last. I ran out of bullets quickly, and I found myself without a weapon, a suit of armor not ready for combat. It was not long before my suit started to fail too. I had to leave it behind. There were so many memories in that suit. Killing Mercy, watching Truth die, wiping out the Flood, destroying yet another Haloâ€¦ they were all gone. I had to leave them behind.

It would take five years, but even the buildings that once held me company began to collapse, natural forces eroding the surfaces away. I started to build my own coffin. Was it morbid that I was planning my own death? Undoubtedly. But my life was going to come to an end. I am, technically speaking, 87 now, and I know that my enhanced genetics will soon fail me. I'm currently starting to dig my own grave, creating something like a pyramid to keep my body safe. It will be done soon.

I can feel my memory slipping away, and my joints becoming weak. It doesn't matter. I will be dead soon. If you are reading this, you have entered my tomb and found my coffin. I congratulate you. Not many would be able to get past all of those traps. Did you enjoy the alligator pits? I found that idea in a book. If necessary, take my body in the name of science. I would not like the idea of my species disappearing from history forever. Just do me a favor. Don't forget

the name John-117.

The Elite stared at the inscription written on the coffin. Was it true? Had the human race died out on Earth, too? He lightly nudged open the coffin, the lid falling loudly to the side. Inside, the body of a human laid, a smile on his face. He had died within the hour.

* * *

><p>I know, I know. In a way, I lied. But in a way, I also didn't. All of the humans are dead, except for Master Chief, and now he's dead. Granted, the Elite showing up at the end is sort of a low blow, but the thing is, even if he had arrived sooner, humans would still go extinct. John's been the only human left in the universe for at least twenty years, he doesn't know how to clone himself, and the human body is incapable of evolution over one generation.

Sorry about killing Cortana. Also, don't tell me, "Well, why didn't Master Chief fix her programming, changing her back to the whiny b@tch we've all come to know and love? Also, I'm pretty sure she would enjoy being a mute stripper. If not, Master Chief would enjoy her." Well, I've got news for you. (1) Master Chief doesn't know how to reprogram an A.I.; he's a soldier, not a techie. (2) How would you like to be forced to expose yourself to perverted old men? â€| Don't answer that. (3) Master Chief has a heart! What the hell is wrong with you?

**Read, review, tell your friends. Or I'll find you. And make you sit through an entire Canadian Film Festival. And don't think I won't; I've grown immune to the sound of people suffering that very fate. Anonymous reviews and flames are (unfortunately) welcome! **

End
file.